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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

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Poetical Gems.
The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The world has a thousand eyes,
And the life but one;
Yet the light of the life dies
When love is done.

Keep pushing! "The wheel that is rolling on,"
And sighing and waiting and waiting the tide,
In life's current, battle they only prevail,
Who daily march onward and never say ill.
There is a lust in man no power can tame,
Of hourly pushing his neighbor's chance;
On eagle's wings (immoral) scud the day,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

The Small Boy and Vaccination.

In smallpox times the small boy is
alive to the terrors and humors of the
situation. Take three or four small
boys who have passed through the
 ordeal of vaccination, and let them
get hold of the small boy who has yet
to undergo that trial. The young in-
nocent stands with mouth agape and
distended ears while the others de-
scribe the operations.

"The doctor tells yer: 'Haul off
that coat!' Then he tells yer: 'Roll
up that sleeve!' When yer got yer
sleeve up, he takes a great big knife
and jobs it inter yer arm, up to the
hauddle. The blood flies all over
things, and the doctor mops it up
with a big sponge. Oh, yer have no
idea of the blood! Then he takes a
lot of stuff what he's got mixed up on
a piece of glass, an' he stuffs it inter
the cut what he's made, and that is
the waxination what he's puttin' in-
ter yer. While he's a-doin' in the
waxination every job he makes is
a-goin' to yer heart—it's just like takin'
yer life, so it is."

When a boy who has thus been en-
couraged is finally marched into the
doctor's office, three or four comforters
manage to slip in and view the opera-
tion, looking as solemn as so many
mourners at a funeral.

The boy who is about to undergo
the operation at last has his arm bar-
red. The doctor grasps the limb, and
the boy turns aside his face and be-
comes pale. His teeth are firmly set,
he tries to smile, as he catches the
eye of one of his companions. He
wants to be brave if possible. The
cold point of the doctor's lance touches
the bare skin of his arm, and he
thinks a gash several inches in length
has been made in his flesh. He twists
his head around to look for the wound,
and the doctor twists it back, telling
him to "keep still."

Then the lance begins to prick the
skin and the small boy imagines that
the point of the steel is far down to-
ward the bone of his arm, working
about the sinews and muscles. The
boy's lips are compressed, his eyes are
almost closed, his neck drawn down
between his shoulders, and his right
leg so drawn down that only the toes
of the foot touch the floor.

The small boy's chin falls—he
gives himself up for dead. He is sure
the doctor has cut a vein and that
blood is spurting in all directions.
He has not the courage to turn his
head to look. He is about to faint
when the doctor pulls down his sleeve
and says: "Now, boy, put on your
coat—you're all right."

The small boy can hardly believe
his ears. His heart gives a great
bound of joy and relief. A smile ir-
radiates his face, and in about a min-
ute he is one of the bravest of the
brave. An hour later he is out on
the streets describing to other small
boys the terrors of "waxination," and
how the doctors rip and tear through
flesh and muscles with their big
knives.

A KING IN AMERICA.—A railroad
lawyer said to a correspondent of the
N. Y. Tribune: "The nearest ap-
proach to royal power to which any
man can attain in this country, is to
possess great railroads. His dominion
is thus as great as that of almost any
king on the globe. His subjects more
docile and fully as dependent. He is
conveyed from one part of the coun-
try to another in regal splendor, and
receives the reverence from his de-
pendent subjects that no king in
this century ever received from a civil-
ized people."

NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—Nervousness is of-
ten attended by many annoying symptoms,
such as black spots flitting before the eyes,
ringing or buzzing in the ears, flashes of
visionary light in darkness, inability to
look up or about suddenly without grow-
ing faint or dizzy, wakefulness, vivid
dreaming, etc., all of which is perma-
nently cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Climate and Altitude.

The Virginia City Enterprise (Ne-
vada) furnishes the following: The
relations of climate to altitude are
very intimate, but in most regions are
not apparent—that is, not visible
to the eye. Here, however, it is
different. For instance, yesterday
while all the hills and mountains
round about were arrayed in robes of
dazzling white, there was in the center
of the Eastern landscape one big spot
of brown. This was on the Carson
River, down toward Fort Churchill.
There not only the valley land, but
also all the low bordering hills re-
mained a deep and desolate brown. It
was like a dirty spot left in the mid-
dle of a newly whitewashed wall. Al-
though this spot is at no great distance
from this city, the people there walk
about on bare ground, while here we
wade in a foot of snow. With them
it is only late autumn; with us
it is genuine winter. However, they
have not far to go to get a taste of
winter. Half a mile from their
homes would take most of them up
into the snow belt. Persons who have
lived all their lives in prairie and other
level regions have but an indistinct
notion of the great influence altitude
has upon climate. When their plains
are bare, they do not know that win-
ter is often but one hundred feet above
their heads.

In this mountainous region we have
an excellent opportunity of studying
the effects of altitude. It is some-
times quite wonderful to observe the
evenness of the snow line. It is
drawn midway up the face of the
whole line of hills as neatly as though
marked with a chalk line. Sometimes
it is higher, sometimes it is lower, ow-
ing to the temperature. The even-
ness depends a great deal upon the
air. When there is much wind the
snow line is not well defined, but
when it is calm the strata of the at-
mosphere are perfectly regular. The
snow line is then as level as though
it were the water line of a lake.

Frequently, when no snow lies on
our streets, we can see on the slope of
Mt. Davidson, only 200 or 300 feet
above us, the line separating us from
the region of winter.

Capt. W. E. Bell.

For satisfactory reasons, Capt. W.
E. Bell declined to allow his name to
be before the State Convention at
Frankfort as a candidate for Clerk-
ship of the Court of Appeals. While
Kentucky is the loser by this de-
termination, Anderson county is the
gainer, by a large majority, in that
he still has the best Circuit Clerk in
the State. [Anderson News.]

Of the long list of aspirants for the
office of Appellate Clerk, we suppose
no one of them was better qualified to
thoroughly perform its duties than
Capt. Bell, nor among them a more
thoroughbred gentleman. He can rest
assured that the Eighth District would
have given him a unanimous endorse-
ment, but for the belief that the De-
mocracy owed Col. Wolford a debt
that was part due and ought to be paid.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The
engineer in charge of the Washing-
ton Monument, in Washington, re-
ports that the addition to the height
of the structure since the work was
renewed, August 7, 1880, is 109 feet.
The monument is now 250 feet high
above the base. Seventy-four feet
were added last year. The balance
of appropriation available December
1, was enough to carry the obelisk to
the height of 286 feet.

It has been discovered in Germany
that electricity may be employed
to great advantage in hiving bees.
By applying two connecting wires to
the honeycomb, the insects are appar-
ently stupefied for the time being,
and will not sting. They regain their
activity in the course of half an hour
and seem to suffer no injury.

"Strange that 1880 should come
twice in the same century!" said Tom
to Jack. "But it doesn't," replied
the latter. "Indeed it does," contin-
ued Tom; "for wasn't year before last
1880, and isn't this year 1880, too,
(1882?)"

According to President Taylor, the
head of the Mormon church, there are
in Utah 55,676 members of the church,
not counting 34,701 children under
eight years of age.

Doctors say that gout may be in-
herited. If any fellow were to leave
us the gout, we could content his
will on the ground of insanity.

The man who gets the gist of the
proverb that it is better to give than
receive, is the fellow who has the
itch. [Glasgow Times.]

Cattle Restaurants.

The latest wrinkle in connection
with the transportation of cattle is that
of Mr. Tingley, of the Humane Live
Stock Express Company. Some time
ago the same gentleman invented a
feed car, theoretically good but prac-
tically a failure. The grain and wa-
ter were placed on the roof, and pass-
ed down by pipes when required; but
the troughs in the crowded cattle cars
got dirty, and the animals refused to
eat out of them. An attempt was
then made to substitute cars with
compartments, so as to keep the
cattle separate, but this rendered
the cars unfit for any other purpose
on the return trip, and was abandoned.

Mr. Tingley's present scheme is a
simple one. It is to establish a num-
ber of "cattle restaurants" along each
line of railroad that transports live
stock. They will be two hundred
miles apart, and the cattle can be fed
and watered every twelve hours.
When a train with a load of cattle on
board gets within twenty miles of one
of these restaurants, a telegram will
be sent to the officer in charge, and
when the train arrives everything will
be in readiness. Great iron cups,
about as large as and something in
the shape of a good-sized kitchen pot,
will contain food and water, run into
them through rubber pipes from tanks
above. The train will stop between
two rows of these troughs, those on
one side containing water, and those
on the other side containing four
quarts of food, consisting of a mixture
of ground corn, oats, and cut hay.
Each car will have sixteen openings
on each side, all of which can be en-
sily closed when the car—which need
be nothing more than an ordinary
cattle car, such as is at present used
—is required for other purposes on
the return trip. The device for mov-
ing the water and feed troughs to the
openings is not complicated.

What Becomes of Dead Birds?

How strange it is that, considering
the millions of birds born every year,
dead ones are so seldom seen. To each
little songster in turn comes the trag-
edy—sickness, decay and death—yet,
even in the woods, it is rare to find a
dead bird. Who buries them? One
can find it in his heart to believe in
the pathetic robins of olden story,
and turn up the leaves to see if per-
chance, some stray feather may not
betray the hidden mausoleum. It is
odious to think that they have become
the prey of others of their species, or
of enemies prowling in wait for their
hours of weakness. But nature man-
ages her affairs so well that doubtless
the obsequies are conducted with or-
der and regularity, and if we had but
eyes to see them, we should find re-
licies of our songsters doing their part
to fertilize and enrich the scenes of
their former existence.

HE WAS A DONKEY DRIVER.

When an Austin schoolmaster entered
his temple of learning, one morning,
he read on the blackboard the touch-
ing legend:

"Our teacher is a donkey."
The pupils expected there would be
a combined cyclone and earthquake,
but the philosophic pedagogue con-
tented himself with adding the word
"driver" to the legend, and opened
the school with prayer as usual. [Texas Sittings.]

A Chicago woman, having ordered
her servant to say that she was not at
home, was so anxious to hear the voice
of an old lover of her who was talking
with the servant in the hall that she
leaned too far over the banister, lost
her balance and fell to the bottom,
breaking her arm and leg.

Dr. Barksdale of the Virginia Lun-
atic Asylum reports the case of a ne-
gro lunatic whose brains weighed sev-
enty ounces. This is believed to be
the largest brain on record except that
of Oliver Cromwell.

A Kansas man has sued his wife
for divorce, saying he was not the
father of her child. She admits the
allegation, and says it she depended
on him she never would have had a
child.

Eight of the Presidents of the United
States have been members of the
Masonic Fraternity—Washington,
Jackson, Pierce, Buchanan, Andrew
Johnson, Garfield and Arthur.

You can always tell the fastidious
man by his sending twenty-seven cuffs
and collars to the laundry accompan-
ied by one single shirt. [Yonkers
Gazette.]

Ayer's Pills are the best of all purgatives
for family use. They are pleasant, safe
and sure, and excel all other Pills in heal-
ing and curative qualities.

"Stanwell" Jackson.

The story of the killing of General
Jackson has been told over and over
again, but never seems to be wanting
in dramatic interest, and is as often
read by those whom the history of the
struggle for freedom never fails to at-
tract. It was at Chancellorsville, in
May, 1863, when he turned Hooker's
right, upon which he turned by sur-
prise. The ill-fated Jackson rode out
with his staff and escort. That was
9 or 10 o'clock of the night of May,
2. He was riding on his well-known
"Old Sorrell" toward his own men.
The little body of horsemen were mis-
taken for Federal cavalry charging,
and the Rebel regiments on the right
and left of the road fired a sudden
volley into them. General Jackson
received one ball in his left arm, two
inches below the shoulder joint, shat-
tering the bone and severing the chief
artery; a second passed through the
same arm, between the elbow and
wrist, coming out through the palm of
the hand; a third entered the palm
of the right hand, about the middle,
and passed through, breaking two of
the bones. He fell from his horse,
and was caught by an officer at hand.
Later he was found, placed upon a
litter, and conveyed to the rear. On
his way to a place of safety, one of
the litter-bearers was shot and Jack-
son fell from the shoulders of the
men, receiving a severe contusion, ad-
ding to the injury of the arm, and in-
juring the side considerably. He died
eight days afterward at Guinea's Sta-
tion, some five miles from the place
where he fell.

The Candidates.

That man is a candidate. They
say the Office he wants is Fat, though
the mouth he puts up to get it is not.
He is so glad to see you he smiles,
and asks you to smile also. He holds
on to your hand, like a man does to a
woman's hand that is soft and warm
and satisfied, until you tell him how
your wife and all your children are,
and also how your neighbor's wives
and children are. Do not think he
will always do this. If he gets the
Office he will put his heels up on the
jam and his feet in his vest pocket,
and let you alone. If he does not get
the office, he will lay it on to you, and
then he will not ask you anything,
but will walk straight along on the
bricks and never look your way when
you meet him. [Glasgow Times.]

The Richmond Palladium tells an
awful story of a letter received by a
farmer living at Lynn, a few miles
from Richmond, on the Grand Rapids
road, from Cincinnati, containing sev-
eral smallpox seeds. The man took
the letter from the office, placed it in
his pocket, and did not open it until
he reached home. The only writing
was: "I send you some smallpox
seeds; now go home and die." The
inclosures were submitted to a physi-
cian, who declared them to be what
they purported. The envelope was
postmarked Cincinnati, and had the
word "transit" stamped upon it. This
is the only clue the detectives have to
the diabolical villain.

The Lancet evidently gives little
credit to the stories of the injury done
by flowers in sleeping-rooms, but,
nevertheless, counsels people to be
over-cautious, and, therefore, to ban-
ish from their bedrooms all growing
plants. They can do no good, and
it is possible they may diffuse irritat-
ing particles or perfumes.

During the last ninety years, over
one thousand people have been burn-
ed up in theatres, and in the same
time over six thousand have perished
in church accidents. Still we would
not advise people to frequent theatres
to the entire exclusion of churches.

This is the latest: "Do you wear
a pad?" "No, but my cousin's dad,
whose health was bad, ever since he
was a lad, he wears a pad. Isn't it
sad?" "Yes, egad." [Vanderbilt Ob-
server.]

Celery boiled in milk and eaten
with the milk served as a beverage is
said to be a cure for rheumatism, gout
and a specific in cases of smallpox.
Nervous people find comfort in celery.

A Quaker's advice to his son on his
wedding day: "When thee went a
courting I told thee to keep thy eyes
wide open. Now that thee is married
I tell thee to keep them half shut."

Of the disasters at sea last year, 99
vessels were stranded, 40 foundered, 2
burned, 11 missing, 6 abandoned, 2
sunk by ice, 1 broke in two and was
destroyed by explosion.

Lighten the burden of life, make success
certain, and your calculations accurate, by
using Brown's Iron Bitters. Hasten
thence and body.

Revaccination.

The following is a portion of a pa-
per read before a Medical Society in
Cincinnati, by a distinguished Physi-
cian: "Seventy-five per cent. of the
revaccinations were successful, and
nearly 50 per cent. took, with all the
constitutional disturbances, some even
greater than a primary vaccination,
thereby indicating that the primary
vaccination had not been sufficient to
thoroughly infect them and protect
them from smallpox had they been ex-
posed to it. My observations as a
practitioner of medicine for full 25
years confirms the truth of the above
record, and forces me to the conclusion
that our American physicians, as a
rule, do not introduce sufficient vac-
cine virus into the arms of their pa-
tients. They make but one insertion
usually, and while it is possible to
make one insertion large enough to
give complete infection, nevertheless
full 50 per cent. of their vaccinations
are so insufficient as to give but little
protection. This is an astounding
statement, and, if true, should arouse
the profession and lead them to re-
vaccinate their patients at once.

The rule has been that after vac-
cination has been performed in infancy,
it should be repeated after the estab-
lishment of puberty—say from twelve
to sixteen years of age, and again
about middle life. A good rule will
be for every person to be revaccinated
soon after they have grown into man-
hood or womanhood, and then at least
once during the prevalence of every
epidemic to which they may be ex-
posed."

A CLOCK MADE OF BREAD.—Milan
has a curiosity in a clock which is
made entirely of bread. The maker
is a Peruvian, a native of India, and
he has devoted three years of his time
to the construction of this curiosity.
He was very poor and, being without
means to purchase the necessary metal,
deprived himself regularly of his
daily bread, which he devoted to the
construction of his curiosity, eating
the crust and saving the soft part for
doing his work. He made use of a
certain salt to solidify his material,
and when the various pieces were
dry, they were perfectly hard and in-
soluble to water. The clock is of re-
spectable size, and goes well. The
case, which is also hardened bread,
displays great talent in design and
execution.

So microscopically perfect is the
watch making machinery now in use,
that screws are cut with nearly 600
threads to the inch—though the finest
used in the watch has 250. The
threads are invisible to the naked eye,
and is takes 144,000 of the screws to
weigh a pound, their value being six
pounds of pure gold.

A man in Paris advertised for a do-
mestic who was neat. There came to
him a man with blue spectacles.
"Your eyeglass is bad," suggested the
gentleman. "No," replied the ap-
plicant, "not at all; but I clean silver-
ware till it shines so brightly that I
am obliged to wear glasses to protect
my eyes."

A little boy, whose parents fre-
quently moved from one house to an-
other, was asked by the teacher:
"Why did the Israelites move out of
Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay
their rent, I reckon," was the reply.

There is one beauty about the Amer-
ican jury system. If the jurors don't
hang the murderers they usually hang
themselves, and that is pretty nearly as
good, only it isn't permanent enough.
[Bloomington (Ill.) Eye.]

The Louisville Commercial (Rep.)
says: "It was the most orderly Dem-
ocratic Convention ever held in the
State, and the gentlemen who were
prepared with big speeches were
promptly squelched."

"Isn't this turkey very thin?" asked
the lady. "No, madam," replied
the truthful dealer, "it's not thin.
What you mistake for bones are its
corsets. It is a henturkey, you
know."

A Philadelphia manufacturer says:
"We sell large quantities of oleomar-
garine to farmers in bulk. They take
it home, stamp it, bring it to market
and sell it as their own production."

The crying baby at the public
meeting is like a good suggestion; it
ought to be carried out.

The man who went to work with a
will must have been a lawyer.

FALL AND WINTER OF 1881.

Notice to the People of Stanford and Vicinity.

THE CHOICEST STOCK EVER BROUGHT ON!

Cloths, Cassimeres, Diagonals and a Large Selection of Wors-
teds from the Best Manufacturers of France and England.

Cutting and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

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French Dressing Case Sets,

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At \$45, \$50, \$60, \$75 & Upwards.

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Parlor Suits, Seven Pieces,

Either in Hair, Cloth or Terry.

At \$30, \$35, \$40, \$50 & Upwards.

Visitors to our city are respect-
fully invited to call and see our stock

of goods, whether they wish to pur-
chase or not.

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doing exclusively a Piano and Organ trade. We have reached lower
prices than have been tendered by any dealers in this market, and guarantee
all instruments as represented. We sell on easy monthly or quarterly pay-
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be returned at our expense. We solicit correspondence with persons desir-
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lowest rates of freight. Our motto is: "First-class Goods at Reasonable Prices—
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